

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—For one copy, one year, or fifty-two numbers, \$2, payable in advance; \$2.50, if not paid in advance. The above terms will be rigidly enforced.

Yearly advertisements will be confined to their regular business, and all advertisements outside will be charged for at regular rates.

Advertisements of a personal nature will be charged at the rate of two dollars per square, and payment required invariably in advance.

JOHN WORK promptly and neatly executed.

Subscribers failing regularly to receive their paper, should at once notify the Publisher, and he will, if possible, have the delay remedied.

W. M. SAMUEL, ED. V. RINGO, E. E. SAMUEL.

E. M. SAMUEL & SONS.
Commission and Forwarding
MERCHANTS,
412 N. Levee, and 422 N. Commercial St.
(Corner Vine and Levee),
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

PROMPT attention paid to consignments of
Hemp, Flour, Grain, Wool, and Country
Produce generally. Orders for all kinds of Merchandise filled at the lowest of market rates.
Liberal cash advances made on consignments.
Jan. 12, 1870-1f.

JNO. T. CHANDLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
Real Estate Agent,
LIBERTY, MISSOURI.
Office over Withoff's Grocery Store.

I have opened an office for the sale and purchase of
CLAY COUNTY LANDS.

Those who have farms for sale, may realize advanced rates, by authorizing me to bring their lands to the notice of purchasers.
No Charges Unless in Cases of Sale or Purchase.
I have now on hand for sale a large number of farms comprising some of the most valuable lands in Clay County.
March 2-4f.

D. C. ALLEN,
Attorney at Law,
LIBERTY, CLAY CO., MO.
Will practice in the Courts of Clay, Ray, Clinton, Platte and Jackson counties. (May 12-1f.)

G. G. White,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LIBERTY, MO.
Will practice in the Courts of this Judicial Circuit. Collections promptly attended to.
Liberty, May 12, 1871-1f.

REMOVED.

WM. GABEL,
Has removed his large stock of

Boots and Shoes
TO HIS
Magnificent New Store,
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE, KANSAS CITY.
January 20, 1f.

JAMES M. SANDUSKY,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
—AND—
NOTARY PUBLIC,
LIBERTY, MO.
Office with Maj. Sam'l Harpin. (2f24f.)

A. I. TURPIN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KEEPS his shop in Everett's New Brick Building north east of the Arthur House, and West of Austin's Liberty Stable, where he will be pleased to receive all orders in his line. He is thankful for past patronage.
Particular attention paid to CUTTING—specifying garments for ladies to make.
April 17, 1868-1f.

HENRY SMITH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LIBERTY, MISSOURI.
May 20, 1870-m1.

ARTHUR HOUSE SALOON.
BASEMENT OF ARTHUR HOUSE.

MESSRS. FOX & AUSTIN have just opened a large stock of
BRANDIES, WHISKIES & WINES
And are prepared to furnish the last of the most authentic. They keep the best and purest liquors. Also, Embroidered Drinks. Try them.
Jan. 15, 1870-1f.

SAMUEL HARDWICK,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
LIBERTY, MO.
Office on the west side of the public square.
September 15, 1870-1f.

HENRY L. BOUTT, BORATIO F. SIMRALL,
ROUTT & SIMRALL,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
Office over Trigg T. Allen Drug Store.
LIBERTY, MISSOURI.

D. CARPENTER,
Notary Public,
BARRY, CLAY CO., MO.
March 10, 1871-1f.

S. H. SMITH,
DENTIST.
LIBERTY, MISSOURI.

TREATS Diseases of the Teeth and Gums, Alveolar Abscesses, etc.
Dentist. Teeth filled and restored with gold or silver, richly mounted. Most approved by the profession.
Careful Attention given to the preservation of natural teeth.
Office, without operation, free.
Office former residence of Mr. Love, opposite the Thompson House.
June 1-1f.

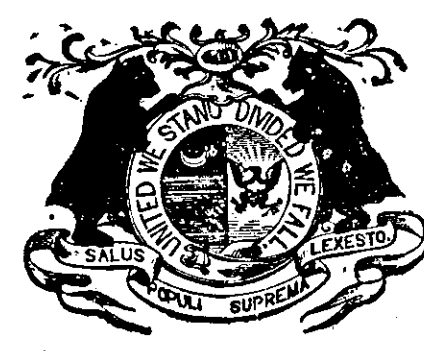
PRENTISS & SMITH,
CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS,
CARPENTERS AND JOINERS.

SPECIAL attention paid to STAIR BUILDING.
Estimates made on buildings free of charge. Shop—South West corner of Green's Lumber Yard, near depot.
July 29, 1870-111f.

COFFINS! COFFINS!
I keep constantly on hand a supply of well seasoned White Lumber, out of which I am prepared to make on short notice all grades of WOODEN COFFINS—plain and covered with gold or silver, richly mounted. I will warrant my work to be as represented, and as low as possible. I solicit a share of patronage. Forget not the place of public square.
Jan. 31, 1871-1f.

JAS. SMITH.

Liberty



Tribune.

VOL. XXVI.

LIBERTY, CLAY CO., MO., FEBRUARY 23, 1872.

NO. 41.

LIBERTY AND CLAY COUNTY DIRECTORY.

In the following may be found all the leading officers of our City and County, together with the arrival and departure of the daily rail road, time-table, hours of worship in the different churches, time of meeting of the different Lodges of the city, &c.

Tribune Printing Office West Side of the Public Square.

OFFICIAL.
Congressman—AB. COMINGO.
Circuit Judge—PHILANDER LUCAS.
County Attorney—J. W. WOODS.
State Senator—JAMES H. BIRCH, JR.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
Representative—HENRY SMITH.
(A. B. EVERETT,
County Judges. ISAAC WOOD,
THOMAS M. WILSON.
Circuit Clerk—E. G. HAMILTON.
County Clerk—L. W. BURRIS.
Recorder—S. G. SANDUSKY.
Sheriff—JOHN P. MOSE.
Treasurer—TRIGG T. ALLEN.
Assessor—THOMAS A. HANSEL.
Surveyor—JOHN D. YONGER.
Public Administrator—JOHN CHRISTIAN.
School Superintendent—GEO. HUGHES.
Road Commissioner—GEO. THOMP.
County Engineer—J. H. FORD.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.
Justices Peace L. T. (H. F. SIMRALL.
Justices Peace Gallatin Township—DAVID S. ROGERS, SAM'L W. MALOTT, and G. W. OGILVIE. No Constable.
Justices Peace R. River Township—JOHN H. PRICK, W. M. SIMMONS. Constable—FRANK CASH.
Justices Peace Wash. Township—JOSUAH B. WALKER, JOEL T. ALBRIGHT and ALVA M. BRET. No Constable.
Justices Peace Platte Township—L. N. POWELL, and W. C. YOUNG. Constable—THOS. W. SMITH.

CITY OFFICERS.
Mayor—JAMES G. ADKINS.
Counsellors—JAS. A. GILLESPIE.
"—ROBT. S. ADKINS.
"—W. M. D. YONGER.
"—THOS. J. HARPER.
Recorder—GEO. G. WHITE.
Treasurer—GREENUP BIRD, JR.
City Engineer—J. H. FORD.
City Engineer—J. F. LANSBURY.

I. O. O. F.
Liberty Lodge, No. 49, meets every Saturday night at 7 o'clock.
Clay Encampment, No. 12, meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays in each month, at 7 o'clock.

I. O. G. T.
Liberty Lodge, No. 136, meets Tuesday night of each week. Degree Temple first Tuesday in each month. All members of the order are cordially invited to meet with us.
J. H. HUNTINGTON, L. D.

A. F. & A. M.
Blue Lodge, No. 11, meets first Monday in each month.
R. A. CHAPTER—Second Saturday night in each month.

CIRCUIT COURT TERMS.
First Tuesday after the third Monday in January, May and September.

COUNTY COURT TERMS.
Regular Term—First Monday in February, May, August and November. Adjourned Terms first Monday in each month—regular term months excepted.

LITERARY CLUB.
The Liberty Literary Club meets every Friday night at Temperance Hall.

CHURCHES.
CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Preaching nearly every Sabbath. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night at 7 o'clock, and Sabbath School every Sabbath at 9 A. M.
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. Dr. Raubant, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M., and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday night, and Sabbath School every Sabbath at 9 A. M.
CATHOLIC CHURCH—Services first three Sabbaths in the month, and there are five Sabbaths in the month, services first four. Mass is offered at 10:30 A. M. Instructions in the Catechism at 2:30 P. M., every Sabbath.
EPISCOPAL CHURCH—Rev. A. Batte, pastor. Services Tuesday evenings after 24 and 4th Mondays in each month, in Chapel in Thompson House.
M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH—Preaching every third Sabbath, successively—morning and night—at the M. E. Church, South, by Rev. C. Babcock, Pastor.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. D. G. Coulter, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10 o'clock excepted the fourth. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night, and Sunday School every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock.

LIBERTY POST OFFICE.
Office opens daily 7 A. M. Closes 3 P. M.
MAILS ARRIVE FROM ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and all points West, South, and South-East every morning at 8 A. M.
From Northern Missouri and the Northern and Eastern States via St. Louis, every day at 8 P. M.
From Smithville, Wednesday and Saturday 6 P. M.
From Barry, Tuesday; Thursday and Saturday 3 P. M.
MAILS DEPART FOR ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY and all points West, South and South-East, daily at 7 P. M.
For Northern Missouri and the Northern and Eastern States, daily at 7 A. M.
For Smithville, Wednesday and Saturday 7 A. M.
For Barry, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, 7:30 A. M.
No mail arrive or depart on Sabbath, and the Office is not open on Sabbath.
JOHN D. SHARE, P. M.

R. R. TIME TABLE.
GOING EAST—7:55 A. M. Passenger; 12:05 P. M. Freight; 5:57 P. M. Passenger; 10 P. M. Passenger.
GOING WEST—8:22 A. M. Passenger; 12:05 P. M. Freight; 7:55 P. M. Passenger.

LAWS OF NEWSPAPERS.
1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.
2. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all that is due be paid.
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed they are held responsible until they have settled their bills and ordered their papers to be discontinued.
4. If subscribers move to another place, without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.
5. The courts have also decided, that, refusing to take a paper from the post-office, removing one's residence without duly notifying the publisher, or leaving it uncollected, is prima facie evidence of INTENTIONAL FRAUD.
6. A postmaster neglecting to inform a publisher when his paper is not taken from the office, makes himself responsible for the price of subscription.

ADVANTAGES OF ADVERTISING.
The attention of business men is called to the advantages of advertising in the LIBERTY TRIBUNE. Our terms are liberal. Let all remember that ADVERTISING—
Has created many a new business.
Has enlarged many a small business.
Has rescued many a lost business.
Has saved many a failing business.
Has preserved many a large business.
And insures success in any business.
Pastes these rules in your list and practice them and you will succeed.

ADVERTISING.—You can't eat enough in a week to let you a year, and you can't advertise on that plan either.
People that advertise only once in three months forget that most folks cannot remember anything longer than seven days. No bell can ring so loud as aged advertisement.

BITTEN BY A MAD DOG.

On yesterday a large and ferocious looking dog, in the worst stages of hydrophobia, attacked and bit Mr. John Ricketts of Clay co. The wound was a severe one, and was inflicted in the right thigh, two of the teeth penetrated the flesh. Medical assistance was at once called in. Dr. Wood of this city, hurried off at once to see the sufferer. He cut away all the flesh around the bite, washed the wound repeatedly with warm water and vinegar, and then burned it thoroughly and effectively with muriatic acid. We rejoice to know that Mr. Ricketts is resting easy, and is in no manner alarmed.

This dog was the property of Mr. Eli Murray, who lives near Harlow. After Mr. Ricketts was bitten, the dog started off furiously, foaming at the mouth and snapping at everything in his way. Mr. Sam. Campbell was in the woods hunting near by. The dog spied him, made straight at him, leaped up as if to take him by the throat, and barked the hoarse, dry, rasping bark of rabies. Mr. Campbell fought him off with his gun. The dog seized the barrel and sunk his teeth into it a few inches from Mr. Campbell's hand, who jumped back a few feet, fired both barrels into his breast, and thus saved his own life.—Kansas City Times.

Tuesday last, a boy in Clay county was bitten by a mad-dog, the same one that bit Mr. Ricketts, and this morning he came to this city and had the poisoned parts cut out of his arm. The operation was performed by Drs. Wood and Haller, and three pieces of flesh, about the size of a silver half-dollar in circumference, the incision going through the superficial fascia, were taken out of the left arm, where the animal's teeth were embedded. The wounded parts were then cauterized with nitrate of silver.—Kansas City News.

STOKES.—Stokes, the eminent Radical who has lately fallen from grace by some mischance of fate, anticipating his fellows in the ignominy of conviction, may now be considered as dead to all political purposes and interests. There is one sin spoken of in the Scriptures, for which there is no atonement. There is another in the Radical church, and Stokes has committed it—that is, to steal and be caught at it. Henceforth, therefore, is the "bald eagle" of Tennessee shorn of his pinions, and droops into oblivion through an obituary.

Wm. B. Stokes was a native of the old North State. He was a tar-heel by birth, but his fingers became the stickiest as he grew older. In early life he was devoted to such agricultural pursuits as then prevailed in his primitive part of the country, but the statesmanship within him took early occasion to erupt, and for a number years he served his country and himself as a legislator, prior to the breaking out of the rebellion. In 1861, at the age of 47, he became a colonel in the Federal army. His subsequent military record has been developed in his recent trial. After the war he re-entered political life, beating Emerson Etheridge for Congress, thro' some miraculous freak of public sentiment, and until very recently remained a trusted Radical apostle. Having been caught in his rascality at last, he bids farewell to all his greatness, to be known henceforth no more.—St. Louis Times.

A destructive fire occurred at Sharpsburg, Bath county, Ky., on Tuesday last, consuming a Presbyterian Church and five of the best business houses in the town. Three men were arrested, charged with starting the fire, and it was with difficulty the mob could be prevented from hanging them.

"Hair manure" is what a young lady inquired for in one of our drug stores last week when she wanted a bottle of hair renewer.

Reports of outrages by Indians come from New Mexico. Cattle are driven off in large herds, houses burned, and in one instance a negro murdered.

Some aspiring Southerner, writing from Louisiana, sends a \$100 Confederate note for the relief of Chicago sufferers, at the same time paying his most ardent respects to the O'Leary cow. He offers that mythical beast free transportation to Boston, and good keeping and provender forever thereafter, if she will promise to kick over a lamp which shall start a fire to consume the Hub.

A new style of dress goods called Alpine Poplin, is two yards wide, and is worth \$8 a yard. Dressmakers say they only require twenty five yards of this material to make a whole dress. Quite moderate.

A San Francisco paper states that city contains a "female gambling place magnificently furnished and decorated, which is principally supported by respectable married women, who may be seen there drunk every evening.

HOW I WAS CAPTURED.

I was sitting in my study, reading Moliere, when she entered the room—perfectly unannounced at that.

I looked up, and saw an angel in white Marseilles, flounced; jaunty blue hat, about the size of a saucer, tipped to one side in a most bewitching, heart-breaking manner; and she wore cream-colored kids, and carried a white poncee; taken all in all, a fairy!

She smiled at me, and held out her hand.

I took it mechanically. What did this mean?

She pouted—ah! those cherry lips!

She stamped her little No. 1 impatiently on the floor.

"You don't seem very glad to see me," she said, pettishly.

I murmured that I was delighted—entranced. So I was; such visions were not of every day occurrence to me.

"Well," said she, gleefully, "that's a comfort! Now, they told me that you wouldn't receive me; that I should be turned out of doors."

"Reptiles," said I.

"But I came; and you are not angry?"

"Angry."

I could say no more.

Then she walked up and down the room.

"How do you like my dress?" she asked, revolving about me as if on a pivot.

I murmured something about "angelic superabundance."

"I did intend," she said, half-doubtfully, "to get a dress of gold satinette, with the underskirt cut as usual, and trimmed with deep plaiting; the spaces to be filled with bias folds above the plaitings in a band of velvet silk; the side gores rounded up four inches longer, and looped up in a jonnier. That, with a pretty little sacque with open sleeves, trimmed to match the underskirt, would be nice, wouldn't it?"

I murmured an unqualified assent—not that I understood what she was talking about, for she uttered the full description in one breath; and then I didn't know what I was saying.

"But," said she, "I bought this Marseilles because I like it. Don't you?"

"I admire your taste," I said faintly; for I was fast losing my senses, though wondering as to who and what she was.

"You're a dear, good fellow!" said she, rapturously; "and I know we'll get on famously together!"

So she intended to stay here. I was getting into very deep water!

"Now then," she continued, "show me some place to put my things, and then you and I will have a talk."

I mechanically pointed out a small room opening out of the library. She hurried in! I sat like a statue carved from adamant. Deeper water.

Presently she returned, divested of little hat, poncee and kids.

She cast a searching glance around the library.

"Horrid dirty!" she said disdainfully.

"When has it been cleaned?"

"About a year ago," said I, meekly.

She gave vent to a pretty little scream.

"A year! Shocking! Oh, I couldn't sit down in a room that hasn't been cleaned in a year. This must be put to rights."

She said this in a very determined tone and then set to work. She converted my linen coat into an apron, tied a cunning little handkerchief over that pretty head, and snatching up the fly-duster, dusted away valiantly, raising a cloud of dust whilst I was gazing on the vision. What did all this mean? I consulted Moliere, my standard authority, but Moliere could give no explanation. Could she be an angel, sent to cast a ray of light over my dismal path of life? Perhaps! But did angels wear white Marseilles, and talk about satinettes and jonniers? Impossible! It must be a dream.

She suddenly paused, came to me through the cloud, held out her arms, and said:

"Roll up my sleeves, please. I can work better with them up."

I did roll the white sleeves up, and then immediately scouted the idea of it being a dream. Couldn't dream of such arms, with a beautiful dimple in each elbow!

Certainly not. They were real. I did not think that a sculptor would have been proud to have them for a model, because I was morally certain that any sculptor would have been distracted at the sight and dropped his chisel, despairing of ever doing them justice.

And then she dusted, and when she dusted, she sang. What a voice!—Don't mention Nilsson—I won't hear of it.

And then she drew up a chair and sat down beside me, having first removed the handkerchief and the improvised apron. Then she shook out her curls and addressed me.

"My dear uncle, let us have a talk."

Her uncle! If my heart had suddenly changed to a lump of lead, it couldn't have sunk any quicker than it did!

"You know," she continued, "that you wrote me a letter saying that you considered it best for me to stay at the farm until you wrote again. But, then, I didn't want to stay; I felt so lonely away out there, hardly seeing a new face once a month for the twelve years I have been there, for, you know, you left me there when I was six years old. Well, I thought I would come up to the city, so I took the fifty dollars and bought this suit. Mrs. Mc has been in for me. You know she and you're not the city, and so I came; and you're not angry, are you? Because, if you are, I'll go right back again, uncle—indeed I will!"

My feelings during this brief speech had been very painful. I gradually awoke to the fact that it was a blunder—that the visit of this girl was not intended for me, and I felt very bitter

over the discovery; but my duty was plain.

"My dear child," said I, humbly, "will you have the kindness to inform me what your name is?"

She opened her eyes, and then laughed.

"Why," she said, "surely you cannot have forgotten me? Little Bess, you know."

"Little Bess?" I repeated.

"Bessie Ludlow," she said gravely, "your niece."

"No," said I, sadly; "not my niece. I have no niece! There has been some error. My name is Floyd."

"Then," said she, "you are my uncle."

—Mr. Richard Floyd. I saw the name on the door, and I came in. Now you do remember me, don't you?"

"Sorry to disappoint you, Miss Ludlow," I said calmly, "but I am not your uncle. You saw R. Floyd on the door; my name is Robert."

"Then," said she helplessly, "where is my uncle?"

I felt bound to confess my ignorance, whereat she looked incredulous. I explained that, strange as it might seem, I did not know everybody who happened to rejoice in the same surname as myself.

"But," I said cheerfully, seeing her looking blank, "we can find out. Here is a directory. Now your uncle's name is Richard Floyd?"

"Yes."

"His occupation or profession?"

"Eh?"

"What does he do for a living?"

"Nothing. He's rich—awful rich!"

"Ah! a gentleman? Behold! let us Richard Floyds, both gentlemen. Let us hope they are. Now get ready and we'll go and find your uncle."

She stood by my side in the street, and looked ten times more bewitching than ever. We walked along the street, and how male friends stared and wondered, and envied me!

We found the first Mr. Floyd just stepping into his carriage, in front of his house. He was big, pompous, and vulgar. I tapped him on the shoulder—

"Your niece, Mr. Floyd," I said, and I commenced to explain, when he cut me short.

"Nothing of the kind—not my niece—an adventuress, no doubt. You're a swindler, I suppose. Drive on."

I inwardly vowed to assassinate that man some dark night. My companion grasped her poncee fiercely.

"Oh! I could beat him!" she said savagely.

I trembled at this outburst.

"But however," she said laughing, "that's not my uncle. He's a very quiet man. I saw him about eleven years ago. He only came to see me once—I suppose I am a poor relation."

Here she laughed, as if being a poor relation was something funny—which isn't.

Then we tried the second Mr. Floyd; he was the uncle. We found him reading a book of sermons.

I accosted him, introduced myself and my niece. Then I explained everything, and turned to go.

He stopped me and inquired if I would not do him a favor.

"Then," said he, calmly, "take this young lady and put her in the cars. I desire her to return immediately to Cedar Farm."

"Uncle!" said she, "do as I tell you. I am your only friend. Don't make me your enemy by foolishness. Stay at Cedar Farm, and I am your friend; leave Cedar Farm and you may regret it—Go!"

We went—and got married and never regretted the step.

Somebody suggests that they ought to send Anna Dickinson in search of Dr. Livingstone. But what's the use? Hasn't she spent the last twenty-five or thirty years in trying to find a man in a country where you'd suppose one couldn't possibly be half as badly lost as Livingstone is?—Courier Journal.

A cautious old bachelor, who is aware that the present is leap year, says: "If you meet a young lady who is not very shy, you had better be a little shy yourself."

A New Orleans girl who went to spend Christmas with a school friend in Massachusetts was conformed, on entering the drawing room, with a painting of herself, which sweetly smiled upon her from above the mantel. Her host proved to have been an officer under Butler.

California is the only State that taxes purely benevolent institutions.

Virginia has the only negro insane asylum in the United States.

The snow is forty feet deep in the Yosemite.

Make your will with great care.—Take the advice of a judicious lawyer. Do the work when in good health, and when you begin, finish. Don't neglect to sign and seal it before witnesses.

The fellow who prophesied a mild winter has been frozen to death.

Grace Greenwood acknowledges that man is a great institution, even if he is little stingy about the franchise.

A beet sugar manufactory has been organized at Denver.

Fifty years ago nearly the whole of Ohio was a dense forest; now a legislature introduced into the Ohio Legislature to encourage cultivation of forests.

"When a fellow is too lazy to work," says Sam Slick, "he paints his name over a door and calls it a tavern, or gets a patent right or soap receipt and tries to make the whole neighborhood as lazy as himself."

MILEAGE VOTE IN THE HOUSE.

The following is the vote in the House on the resolution paying mileage for the holiday recess:

Ayes—Messrs. Alsop, Applegate, Asher, Belmont, Bohn, Buckham, Bulker, Burton, Claiborne, Clark of Dade, Clark of Washington, Colcord, Collier, Crockett, Dolle, Evans, Edens, Fugate, Gates, Gardner, Harmon, Howell, Kitchin, Koch, Lamson, Langton, Latshaw, Logan, Martin, Marshall, McAllister, McPike, Moore of Livingston, Mullings, Murphy, O'Bannon of Dallas, O'Bannon of Pettis, Price, Raney, Robinson, Rolston, Schooler, Sevel, Shaw, Shields, Smith, Walker, Whelan, Williams of Morgan—49.

Noes—Abington, Adams of Butler, Adams of Gentry, Barrett, Braden, Bull, Bunche, Burrows, Davis, Dewey, Don, Frost, George, Hackman, Harris, Knott, Kost, Leeper, Martin of Caldwell, Maupin, Miller, Ming, Murray, Neal, Newman, Norris, Pope, Richards, Sanford, Sorrell, Steele, Squires, Von Koochitzky, White of Texas, Wright, of Vernon, Wilkes, Wingate—38.

Radicals in italics. Liberals in small caps, and Democrats in roman.

The Republican remarks that "the total amount of depletion from the Treasury on account of holiday mileage, both constructive and actual, will range between \$22,000 and \$23,000, including Senate and House members and the elective officers. Several Senators have sent in their accounts to the Auditor for their mileage portion which has been paid."

We trust that the people will note these persons. If we are ever to have a better and purer order of things in this country, a different character of men must find their way into places